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Miscellaneous.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE  
And Its Revelations.

The lights of history, which gleam faintly through the long vista of centuries, inform us, that when Europe was in a state of comparative darkness there shone forth from a small island, whose western shores are lashed by the mighty waves of the broad Atlantic, brilliant rays of science and learning, which illumined and quickened the senses of benighted populations in far-off lands.

That island, known to poets by the euphonious title of Erin, and to politicians by the unhappily significant one of Ire-land, will ever claim the interest and sympathy of her more fortunate sister isle; and although the light of her once resplendent day-star has paled before the rising of other luminaries, yet there are temples in her land within whose walls the fires of science are not quenched, and which, let us hope, like the torch in the halls of antiquity, will be fed by successive generations.

Into one of these temples we propose to conduct our readers, and we do not hesitate to say that, presuming we introduce them to new ground, it will be our fault if

they do not leave it with the acquisition of some knowledge and considerable gratification.

On the borders of the King's County, and pretty near the centre of Ireland, stands the castle of the Parsons' family, the head of which is worthily represented at the present day by the Earl of Rosse. It is a large and substantial edifice, with walls yards thick, as they needs must have been to have withstood successfully a seige of many days, directed against them in 1690 by the armies of King James, who left sundry marks of their hostility in the shape of cannon-balls, the vestiges of which are still to be seen on the walls. The lord of the castle at that period was Sir Lawrence Parsons, a zealous and determined Protestant, who, with Jonathan Darby, of Leap Castle, in the same county, also a Protestant, fell under the King's displeasure, and, on pretence of harboring and protecting so-called traitors, or men of their own religious persuasion, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung.

Circumstances prevented their execution, but the King determined to destroy the castle of Sir Lawrence, and was only frustrated by the desperate and gallant defence made by its garrison. There is an

MS. journal of the siege preserved in the castle, which was written by Sir Lawrence; and it is recorded that the besieged were reduced to such straits for the want of ammunition, that "they cut up and melted a large leaden cistern used by Lady Parsons for salting beeves, and sufficiently large to hold five at a time."

The wings of the castle are the sole remains of the original structure: a fire, originating from the carelessness of the house-keeper, destroyed the central portion of the edifice, during the absence of the family fifteen years ago. It has, however been rebuilt on an enlarged scale, in a style to correspond with the ancient part of the building; and the castle, as it now stands, is an imposing edifice.

Having been a guest within its walls for some weeks, we can assert that the hospitality of Lord Rosse's ancestors, which the capacious salting-beeve cistern eloquently proclaims, has descended to the present nobleman; and we feel sure that the castle at Parsonstown will yield to no noble habitation in the elegance and comfort which reigns throughout its vast and numerous halls.

Were we disciples of the school of writers who set at defiance the courtesies and etiquette of hospitality, and write of their entertainers as if they were publicans, and their houses as inns, we might fill no small portion of our paper with the conversations which we had the privilege of hearing at Parsonstown; but holding that all reporters of such things should be held up to public indignation, and pilloried, if such a wholesome mode of punishment were still in force, we shall draw a veil over the domestic economy of Lord Rosse's establishment.

And we think that the reader will have no cause to regret our secrecy, for it is in a far higher, and more interesting point of view, that we have to introduce to the castle at Parsonstown.

From a very early period of his

life Lord Rosse turned his attention to the manufacture of telescopes for astronomical purposes. At first his experiments were directed to the improvement of refracting telescopes, but after various essays in making fluid and other object-glasses, he came to the conclusion that although the improved manufacture of glass afforded the means of constructing larger discs of tolerably perfect glass than was formerly practicable, they still wanted that exact homogeneity and those optical properties essential to any great increase of power. He therefore came to the conclusion that there seemed to be but little chance of effecting anything really important in astronomy, except by improving the reflecting telescope. To that object every effort of his mind was directed; and we cannot but regard with amazement and admiration the results which had been created, when we remember that their originator has had parliamentary and other pressing and important duties attached to his high station, which have required and received his attention.

It is almost unnecessary to say that such a man must possess a rare combination of optical and chemical science, when in the language of a distinguished philosopher, "he has given us the power of overcoming difficulties which arrested our predecessors, and of carrying to an extent, which even Herschel himself did not contemplate, the illuminating power of his telescopes, along with a sharpness of definition scarcely inferior to that of the acromatic.

All this has been effected single-handed, and in a country in no way celebrated for its mechanical manufactures.

It would be wearisome were we even to glance at the numerous experiments Lord Rosse made before he achieved the unparalleled feat of casting a speculum six feet in diameter. The extraordinary brittleness of speculum metal renders it most difficult of manipula-



tion; for, although considerably harder than steel, the slightest percussion, or the mere increase by a few degrees only of its temperature, will shiver it to atoms.

To overcome this disastrous tendency to discerptation, the admixture of an increased proportion of copper was tried by early experimenters, and with success so far as rendering the speculum metal less brittle. But the remedy on one side led to a fatal evil on the other. The speculum no longer presented that brilliancy which is so essential; and, independently of this defect, it became much more liable to tarnish.

It was evident, therefore that no departure could be made from the best proportions of metals for speculum, which we may here mention Lord Rosse finds to be 126.4 parts of copper to 58.9 of tin. Another feature of this intractable alloy, is its porous nature. Of this fact Newton, who made several specula with his own hands, was fully aware, and he records that he considered it as a serious defect.

Lord Rosse at first endeavored to conquer the difficulties of constructing large specula, by making them in several pieces, and soldering them to a back of alloy of zinc and copper, which should expand and contract in the same proportion as speculum metal. After several trials, he completed specula of three feet diameter, which answered very well for stars below the fifth magnitude; but above that they exhibited a cross formed by the diffraction at the joints, and was consequently rejected.

In the course of these experiments it was ascertained that the difficulty of casting large discs of speculum metal arose from the unequal contraction of the material; and it appeared evident that if the fluid mass could be cooled throughout with perfect regularity, so that at every instant every portion should be of the same temperature, there would be no unequal contraction in the progress towards solidification. To effect this, it appeared

only necessary to make the lower surface of the mould of iron, while the remainder was of dry sand. But on carrying this into practice, it was found that the speculum metal cooled so rapidly that air-bubbles remained entangled between it and the iron surface. The overcoming of this new difficulty, is strikingly illustrative of Lord Rosse's highly mechanical talents. He constructed the lower part of his mould of hoop-iron, six inches broad, packed edgewise in a strong frame seven feet in diameter, and supported by strong transverse bars below. The upper surface of this mould was turned to a convex segment of a sphere 108 feet radius, and then ground smooth by a frame filled with concave blocks of sandstone. This contrivance answered the purpose admirably. The air escaped through the interstices of the hoop, and the metal which came in contact with them was chilled at once into a dense sheet about a half an inch thick. It now only remained to prevent the rest of the speculum cooling unequally, and for that purpose it was placed in an annealing furnace, and left there till cold.

The success which attended these operations, and the subsequent grinding, polishing, and mounting specula three feet in diameter induced Lord Rosse to attempt the arduous task of constructing one of six feet.

The first disc of this gigantic size was cast on the 13th of April, 1842. Three iron crucibles, each containing two tons of speculum metal, were used.

On this occasion (we are told), besides the engrossing importance of the operation, its singular and sublime beauty can never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present. Above, the sky, crowded with stars, seemed to look down auspiciously on the work. Below, the furnaces poured out huge columns of nearly monochromatic yellow flames, and the ignited crucibles, during their passage through the air, were found-

tains of red light, producing on the towers of the castle and the foliage of the trees such accidents of color and shade as might almost transport fancy to the planets of a contracted double star. Nor was the perfect order and arrangement of everything less striking: each possible contingency had been foreseen, each detail carefully rehearsed; and the workmen executed their orders in a silent and unerring obedience worthy of the calm and provident self-possession in which they were given.

Allusion to the workmen in this passage leads us to mention that all the operatives in Lord Rosse's establishment have been, and are, Irishmen trained by himself. They are under the immediate superintendence of a foreman, also educated by Lord Rosse, whose manipulatory skill and knowledge of mechanics are of so high an order, that he could construct and mount a six foot speculum. The casting of the gigantic mirror is represented to have been a magnificent spectacle. For several minutes the metal rolled in heavy waves like those of quicksilver, which broke in a surf of fire on the sides of the mould. The disc was then placed in the annealing oven, where it remained for sixteen weeks, during the first three of which the exterior of the building was sensibly warm.

The operations of grinding and polishing were next performed, and here the aid of steam-power was required. It was long believed that specula could only be polished successfully by the hand, or in other words, that perfect results could only be obtained by *feeling* the polisher's action.\* Lord Rosse, however, contrived a mechanical apparatus, which not only

grinds but polishes specula without the intervention of the hand. His first experiments were directed to specula of three feet diameter, and having succeeded in giving a beautiful figure and surface to these discs, he undertook to grind and polish the large speculum in the same manner.

The speculum is placed in a trough of water, care being taken to maintain it of an equal temperature during the entire process. The grinding-plate, which is of the same diameter as the speculum, is slightly convex. It is intersected by transverse and circular grooves into portions not exceeding half an inch in surface. Prepared emery-powder is then introduced between the two surfaces, and the speculum is made to revolve very slowly, while the grinding-plate is drawn backwards and forwards by one eccentric or crank, and from side to side slowly by another. The process of polishing differs very essentially from that of grinding; in the latter, the powder employed runs loose between two hard surfaces, and may produce scratches probably equal in depth to the size of the particles. In the polishing process the case is very different; then, the particles of the powder lodge in the comparatively soft material of which the surface of the polishing tool is formed, and as the portions projecting may bear a very small proportion to the size of the particles themselves, the scratches necessarily will be diminished in the same proportion. The particles are thus forced to imbed themselves, in consequence of the extreme accuracy of contact, between the surface of the polisher and the speculum. But as soon as this accurate contact ceases, the polishing process becomes but fine grinding. It is absolutely necessary, therefore to secure this accuracy of contact during the whole process. Several very ingenious devices have been suggested to render the art of polishing independent of the process of grinding. Among others was the proposition

\* It is worthy of mention, that we were informed by Lord Rosse, that the only person in the metropolis who can grind and polish specula efficiently is a blind man of the name of Cuthbert. He polishes all mirrors literally by *feeling*, using no machinery in the operation. But his specula does not exceed four inches in diameter.



of Mr. Barton, who conceived that the object might be effected by turning the speculum with a diamond, constrained by very delicate machinery to move in the proper path, and with so slow a motion that the grooves produced by the diamond should act on light as a polished surface; but the extreme accuracy required in an operation of this nature being so great that the error of figure amounting to but a small fraction of a hair's breadth would destroy the action of a speculum, it was not to be expected that such a process could succeed in practice, nor indeed, any other contrivance which has not, like that of grinding, a decided tendency to correct its own defects, and to produce results in which the errors may be said to be infinitely small in comparison with those in any of the previous steps from which they are derived.

It would occupy more space than we can afford were we to enter into the details necessary for the comprehension of all of Lord Rosse's beautiful and delicate processes, by which he has attained the grand desideratum in the manufacture of reflecting telescopes; to such perfection, however, has he brought his polishing machinery, that he can polish a six-foot speculum in the small space of six hours. The focal length of a three-foot speculum being so much less than that of a six-foot, Lord Rosse was enabled to test the accuracy of the parabolic curve by the following means: Above the speculum were a series of trap-doors, which, being opened, commanded a view of a flag-staff, placed on the summit of a tower one hundred feet high. Watch-dials, with their faces inverted, were placed on the flag-staff, and an eye-piece being attached at a proper focal distance, the observer was at once enabled to ascertain the state of the speculum. The six-foot speculum could not be submitted to the test, but it was ground and polished so truly and well, that it only differed one inch from its focal length, which is

fifty-three feet. It was our good fortune to see one of these gigantic mirrors polished, and we can truly say, that a more gorgeously resplendent surface cannot be conceived than the face of the speculum presented when the operation was completed. It was, indeed, "a broad bright eye," of intense lustre and brilliancy, undimmed by any flaw or scratch. With provident wisdom, Lord Rosse cast a second six-foot speculum, which he ground and polished with equal success, and thus when the speculum in use requires to be repolished, the telescope does not stand idle.

The construction of the tube and the contrivances for suspending and working it, occupied the greater portion of the year 1844. And here again we have numerous evidences of the master-mind of the noble director of these most interesting works. The great comparative lightness of a three-foot speculum enables it to be mounted equatorially: that is, in a manner permitting it to be turned to any part of the heavens. But as the 6 foot speculum, with its supports, weighs no less than eight tons, and the tube for such a gigantic mirror several more, it became evident that excessive, if not insuperable difficulties existed to mounting it equatorially. It is of paramount importance that the motions of a telescope should be perfectly easy and free from tremor; and when the vast surface of such an instrument as that under consideration is borne in mind, it follows as a matter of course, that the action of a gale of wind on it would render it unsteady were it erected in the manner employed in three-foot speculum.

Lord Rosse, therefore, determined to confine the range of observation to the vicinity of the meridian. There the stars are at their greatest altitudes, and atmospheric influences affect our vision of them least; their places can be determined with most accuracy, and an equatorial movement so essential to micrometer measurements, can be easily obtained.

His first step was to build two enormous walls on the lawn in front of the castle, and about three hundred yards from it. These walls are constructed of limestone, with a very solid foundation; they are seven feet thick and sixty-five feet high, and are castellated to correspond with the architecture of the castle.

The tube, which hangs between these walls, is constructed of memel timber, well seasoned, and bound by iron girders, of great strength and thickness. Its length is fifty-six feet, and diameter eight feet in the middle, but tapering to seven at the end—a height sufficient to allow the tallest man to walk through its tunnel-like proportions. The tube reposes at its lower end upon a very massive universal joint of cast-iron, resting on a pier of stonework buried in the ground, in order to insure perfect stability. On the universal joint is firmly bolted a cubical wooden chamber, about 8 ft. wide, in which the speculum is placed; and this brings us to one of the most beautiful mechanical arrangements of the whole instrument.

The uniform support of a reflector over its entire extent, is a point of the last importance to its optical performance. A distortion of figure by flexure, which in the object glass of a refracting telescope would produce no appreciably injurious effect, would be utterly fatal to distinct vision in a reflecting one. When even the small speculum used by Sir John Herschel, eighteen inches and a half in diameter, was supported by three points at the circumference, the image of every considerable star became triangular, throwing out long flaring caustics at the angles; and when he placed the speculum on a flat board, and stretched a thin packthread vertically down the middle of the board, so as to bring the weight to rest on this, as on an axis, the images of the stars were elongated in a horizontal direction to a preposterous extent, and all distinct vision completely destroyed

by the division of the mirror into two lobes. But we have stranger and stronger evidence than this of the extraordinary sensitiveness of speculum metal, even when existing in ponderous masses, like the six-foot mirror, which is nearly six inches thick, and weighs six tons, for the mere pressure of the hand at the back of such a speculum produces flexure sufficient to destroy the image of a star! It is obvious, therefore, that the slightest inequality in the supporting apparatus of a speculum is fatal to its correct performance. Sir John Herschel, who gave this subject great attention when mounting his small specula, and who tried an infinity of experiments, came to the conclusion that his mirrors answered better when they were bedded on woolen cloths; for he considered each fibre of wool as a delicate coiled spring of almost perfect elasticity, and that no artificial arrangement of metallic springs could attain such perfection. But in the case of Lord Rosse's heavy reflector, it was found necessary to employ a system of levers to afford an equable support. The levers present a combination of three systems in every respect similar. Each system consists of one triangle, with its point of support directly under its centre of gravity, upon which it freely oscillates. Each triangle carries at its angles three similar points of support for three other triangles, and they again at their angles carry in a similar way another set of triangles. As there are three systems, there are, therefore, twenty-seven triangles, each of which carries at its angles three brass balls; so that the speculum rolls freely on eighty-one balls. It is evident that a speculum supported in this manner will be practically free from strain while in a horizontal position, provided the due action of the levers is not interfered with by any disturbing force. Indeed it will be very much in the same condition as if it were floating in a vessel of mercury. But when the speculum ceases to



be horizontal, new forces come into play, and part of the weight must then be resisted by pressure against the edge. Four very strong segments of cast iron, each above one-eighth of the circumference, are adjusted to the edge by screws, the segments bearing upon the massive castings which sustain the three primary supports of the lever apparatus. These mechanical arrangements have answered well, and the mirror has given a very good definition.

When not in use, the speculum is covered with a cap of wood, coated with lime, to prevent oxydation. The tube carries, near its upper extremity, a small Newtonian mirror, which receives the reflection of the object from the speculum. The suspension of the huge telescope is effected by a series of chains passing over pulleys, and terminating in counterpoise weights. The weights are constrained to descend in quadrants of circles by chain guys attached to the frame which bears the declination pulley. The mechanism of this portion of the instrument is so admirable that the gigantic tube is moved with the greatest facility, and is perfectly steady, even in a violent gale of wind. The meridian motion is regulated by a cast-iron arc of a circle, about eighty-five feet in diameter. The arc is composed of pieces of five feet long, each adjusted independently in the meridian by a transit instrument, and secured to massive stonework. A strong bar, provided with friction rollers, is connected with the iron arc. The tube is attached to the bar by wheelwork, so that a handle near the eye-piece enables the observer to move the telescope on either side of the meridian, and thus examine any object before it passes across the meridian, or after it has passed. The range is half an hour on each side of the meridian for a star at the equator, and Lord Rosse intends constructing a clock in the course of this winter which shall move the instrument.

The machinery rings a bell when the tube arrives on the meridian.

The western wall supports the stairs and galleries for the use of the observers. As high as  $42^{\circ}$  of altitude, the telescope is commanded by a light, prism-shaped framework, which slides between two ladders attached to the southern faces of the piers. It is counterpoised, and may be raised to any required position by a windlass; the upper portion affords support to a railway, on which the observing gallery moves about twenty-four feet east and west, the wheels being turned by a winch within reach of the observer. Three other galleries rising above each other, reach to within  $5^{\circ}$  of the zenith. They are attached to the summit of the wall, and each is carried by two beams, which run between pairs of grooved wheels. Each gallery is capable of containing twelve persons; but the mechanism is so simple and easy, that, even when the galleries are full, one man can easily work them. The spectator, standing in the highest of these galleries, when it is suspended over the chasm, sixty feet deep, cannot fail to be struck with the enormous size of the apparatus which meets his eye. The mighty tube which reposes beneath him in its cradle of massive chains, might be taken for one of the famous round towers, which had sunk down from its ancient foundations. Some idea of the prodigious mass of machinery may be formed from the fact that it contains more than one hundred and fifty tons of iron castings, which have been entirely executed in Lord Rosse's workshops.

All around is on so colossal a scale that stranger postillions and coachmen may be pardoned for having on several occasions, when driving visitors to the castle, conducted their horses to the enormous castellated walls, mistaking them for the portals to the castle itself.

Within a short and convenient distance to the telescope is an observatory, with a revolving dome roof, containing large and very su-

perior equatoreal and transit instruments, which have also been constructed by Lord Rosse. Independently of these, the observatory is fitted up in the usual manner, with clocks, and all the apparatus necessary for astronomical purposes. Attached to the observatory are rooms appropriated to the workmen, two of whom are always on duty to guard the telescopes from injury.

Close to this building stands the three-foot reflecting telescope, which, as we have stated, is mounted equatorially, and which, before the erection of the leviathan instrument, was regarded as a wonder of mechanical ingenuity.

(To be Continued.)

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### A Word to the Young Sailor.

LAHAINA, August, 1850.

To one who looks with an observant eye upon the busy throng of men, which visit these islands from foreign lands, there are few who excite a deeper interest than young sailors as they land upon our shores, full of life and spirit, to enjoy a day's liberty.—Perchance, as they wander in groups about our villages, and listen to the language of a strange and half civilized people, they feel that there are no hearts here that sympathize with them. Strangers, afar from home, they say to themselves, "who cares for the poor Sailor boy? Who looks upon him with interest?"

But think not, young man, that there are none here who think of you. There are those who look upon you with a heart full of feeling, and the sight of a young Sailor often awakens thoughts of the deepest interest. It may be his first voyage from home. It may be that sickness or misfortune has driven him from his own family circle. Perhaps the hardships and exposures of the ocean have imparted vigor to his frame, and the glow of health to his cheek, and he looks forward to a speedy re-union with those he left behind.

It may be that a daring and adventurous spirit led him to seek a "home upon the rolling deep," that he is one of Nature's sons who delights in wit-

nessing the fury of the conflicting elements, and glories in occupying a post of danger in pursuing the monsters of the deep.

It may be that *sin* has banished him from his father's house, and that he is sent out with the hope that absence and toil may effect that reform which parental love has failed to do.

All these and many more thoughts are suggested by the sight of a young Sailor. But the heart involuntarily turns to others. Have you a tender *mother*, and affectionate *sisters*? Did you press the hand of a *father* and *brother* before you left your native place? Ah! there have been prayers and tears for the absent one. That pious mother remembers you, as you are passing over the trackless deep. She knows that her son hears words of wickedness—of blasphemy. She knows that snares are spread for him in every port, that the voice of the tempter will speak most enticingly in his ear. Young man, when those older and more practised in sin than yourself, urge you to join them in their wicked pleasures, when you are sorely beset by temptations on every side, remember that with strong crying and tears your mother's midnight prayers have ascended up. Think of this, and seek to do that which will bring joy to her heart. Let her name, and the higher, holier name of Jesus, be hidden deep in your soul to keep you in the evil hour.

Your toils will one day cease. The voice of earthly tempters will be hushed. You will pass *alone* to the unseen world. You will stand before the Eternal Throne. In that solemn hour, may your name be found recorded among those who endured temptation and were worthy through our Saviour to receive a crown of life.

A FRIEND OF SAILORS.

A little heathen child was inquired of by her teacher if there was anything which she could call her own. She hesitated a moment, and looking up, very humbly replied, "I think, there is." "What is it?" asked the teacher. "I think," said she, "that my sins are my own."



For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Valparaiso Chaplaincy.

Dear Brother—I am happy to address you again from my post. The chapel is now opened again, and the congregation gathered once more.

The trade with California has increased the number of American ships and seamen visiting this port amazingly, six times as many, to say the very least. In the American Hospitals now there are about thirty patients. Some come to worship with the people of the land on the Lord's day, but the current of ungodliness is most powerful, and the character of seamen suffers sadly through abundance of temptation.

Very loud complaints are made here on all sides on account of the numerous desertions. Vessels are often unable to proceed to sea from the want of crews. This is mainly chargeable to boarding-house keepers, by whom the sailors are enticed away from their vessels, induced to indulge in dissipation, and then the score thus run up is cancelled by means of the advance pay given when the sailors ship again. In this way, those who own ships, and those who man them, suffer. I do not know of any remedy except the establishment of a good Sailor's Home. If the men can be offered such a shelter it will, to a great extent, shield them from temptation, diminish the profits of these baneful boarding-houses, add to their number, and bring the men under good influences. So far as I can learn, there is no place in which a sailor can lodge at night, except those dens where dissipation is the order of the day. I intend to bring the matter up to public notice by means of the press soon, and to suggest this remedy. I know not to what extent aid could be procured here, nor do I know whether a man could be procured to keep the house. Will you give me your thoughts on the subject. It appears to me the only chance of rescuing sailors from the most awful and general ruin here.

Capt. Hudson, of the sloop-of-war Vincennes, is here now, arrived lately from California. He sails on Thursday, the 26th instant, for Talcahuano. There is an unfortunate case there of

a man who took the life of one who attacked him on the highway at midnight. He is on trial for his life now, and has been in prison six weeks, a part of the time heavily ironed. I am assured that there is no guilt save that of self-defence, which is none at all. We trust here the case will be set right ere long.

Yours, truly,

D. TRUMBULL, Sea. Chap.

### COMMERCE OF VALPARAISO.

The following table exhibits the number of merchant vessels, of various flags, that have entered this harbor during the year 1850, and their tonnage.

	Vessels.	Tons.
American	422	138,07
Austrian	8	4,00
Belgian	9	3597
Brazilian	6	2,167
Bremen	20	5,220
British	342	116,888
Buenos Ayrean	4	911
Chilian	345	62,747
Danish	30	5,452
Dutch	45	13,427
Equadorian	5	550
French	65	19,635
Hamburgh	62	14,365
Hanovarian	7	1,346
Italian	3	774
Lubeck	2	428
Mexican	4	555
New Granadian	1	90
Norwegian	5	1,217
Oldenburgh	2	410
Oriental	2	930
Peruvian	35	7860
Portuguese	2	478
Prussian	6	1,754
Russian	6	2,097
Sardinian	4	711
Sch'g Holstein	2	657
Spanish	8	2,428
Swedish	13	3,533
Total	1,465	412,240

Note—It appears, from the above table, that the Americans and British had more vessels in this port within the past year, than all the twenty-seven other nations herein represented, and nearly one half of the whole tonnage. An average of ten sailors to a vessel makes 14,650, besides those connected with vessels of war.

VALPARAISO, Dec. 25, 1850.

For the Sailor's Magazine

**Pacific Correspondence.**

HONOLULU, 3d DEC. 1850.

*Difficult to obtain suitable Seamen's Chaplains—Suggestions and remarks upon that subject—Notice of Capt. David Wood—His death by Cholera—Weather—Sailing of missionaries and children for U. S.—Items of domestic news.*

Dear Sir—Yours of September 2d. was received yesterday, and, together with much pleasing intelligence respecting my native land, and the prospects of Zion, I was sincerely grieved to meet with the paragraph in your letter, "*Very difficult, do we find it, to obtain suitable Chaplains.*" This remark occurs in reference to one of the Chaplaincies of the Seamen's Friend Society about to be vacant. I have been led to ask, "why the difficulty." It cannot surely be, that from Audover, Yale, East Windsor, New York, Princeton, Auburn, Bangor and other Theological Seminaries of the land, scores of educated and pious young men are not annually going forth to proclaim the Everlasting gospel, for I am frequently reading the notices of the anniversaries of these institutions, and observe that all are tolerably well supplied with students. The difficulty cannot arise from the fact, that all the graduates are immediately called to fill pulpits with large salaries; neither can the difficulty be in the circumstance, that our foreign missionary Boards employ all the young licentiates. Where is the difficulty? Surely all who receive a license or are ordained are commanded by the Great Head of the Church, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Surely Seamen must be included among "all nations," for truly the seafaring community is made up of all nations. I cannot see how a minister of the gospel can, in so literal a manner, "teach all nations," as by becoming a Chaplain to Seamen. A minister at home preaches to Americans, ministers in England, Germany and France, to persons of their respective nations, but a minister

of the gospel, preaching to Seamen, preaches to Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, and to persons belonging to numerous other nations.

I apprehend, however, that the difficulty must be sought elsewhere. May it not lie in this, that students of Theology do not study with sufficient *prayerfulness* and *intelligence*, their personal duty to leave the enlightened parts of the world and go abroad. Is it not a lamentable fact, that some of our promising young men in the Theological Seminaries, are *afraid* to examine the question of personal duty, in regard to going abroad? Perhaps this is an imputation not sufficiently guarded. But is it not a fact, that many never seriously ask the question of personal duty to the heathen, or to their countrymen, while residing in foreign lands? Most young ministers seem to take it for granted that they are, in duty bound, to remain at home. Why not let the heathen and their countrymen abroad enjoy the benefit of their labors as well as their countrymen at home? From my recollection of Theological students, I am fully convinced that the serious and prayerful examination of one's duty to go abroad, will always be accompanied with beneficial results, even should the conclusion be arrived at, that that duty requires the enquirer to remain at home. The cases of the Rev. S. Pearce, of Liverpool, and the Rev. Robert M. McCheyne, are very instructive on this point. Theological students, as well as others, are much influenced by example. I will here refer to the case of a Student, whom I knew in Princeton Theological Seminary, not quite "fourteen years ago." His mind was much exercised in regard to the subject of personal duty to those dwelling in unevangelized portions of the earth. He made it a subject of prayer and inquiry. Although he had been more or less acquainted with missionary operations, yet now he felt that he needed much more light. On entering the Seminary, he subscribed for both the "*Herald*" and "*Chronicle*," resolving to read each number as they appeared



He made it a subject of frequent conversation with his classmates. He especially sought the opinion of good old Dr. Alexander. The reasoning of the old gentleman usually made him quite uneasy. Several months rolled away before he could come to any definite conclusion, for to conclude to remain within the bounds of the United States he could not. The question, while undecided, seemed to deeply weigh upon his spirits. At length he came to this general resolution, that it was his duty to devote his life to the cause of Foreign missions, but he neither determined under what board he would go out, or where he would go. It was not necessary, at that stage of his studies, to decide these questions, but he was resolved to keep his mind open to the indications of Divine Providence. When once the question was decided to go abroad, his mind resumed its wonted cheerfulness and elasticity. I have heard him speak of the event as his second conversion; whereas old things had passed away, behold all things had become new! Reading missionary intelligence had a great influence upon his mind. I am convinced that Theological students fail upon this point. The person referred to, finally went abroad, and is now laboring in a foreign land.

Now, Dear Brother, the difficulty you complain of, I am satisfied, would be obviated if Theological Students could be made to read, examine, and pray, I mean in reference to their personal duty, to go abroad. Never shall I forget an interview I once had with a devoted missionary of the American Board, now connected with the mission in Persia. At the time, he was a Tutor in Yale College, and I was then visiting New Haven. I refer to the Rev. Mr. Stoddard. He was then considering the question of devoting his life to the cause of missions. There was seriousness about his manner and a manifest depth to his feelings which led me to suspect what the decision would be. I have never seen him since, for I soon left the country, but I was not surprized to see it announced that he was going to the benighted in Persia. "Benighted," no, rather "enlightened," not then, but

now! I have ever read, with the deepest feelings of interest, the record of Mr. Stoddard's labors, and have never supposed that he could have regretted going abroad. I am reminded of my interview with Brother Stoddard, nine years ago, by reading the following remarks of his at the late meeting of the American Board, at Oswego, as reported in the New York Observer, of September 21st, "Oh, what a blessed work is this, good for you and good for us who go. I know it by experience. I have sat, without a friend, in a strange city by the side of a dying wife, and alone committed her to the grave; and yet I say it is good for us who go, good in all that is most precious here and hereafter. And must this cause suffer for want of money or for *want of men?*" I hope neither the cause of missions, nor that of Seamen, will suffer for want of money or for want of men. I am confident they would of not if Christians felt the real importance of contributing their means, or Students of Theology felt the importance of going abroad. These enterprises are essentially the same.

I have felt sometimes that ministers overrated the difficulties of laboring among Seamen. I am aware that they are many, but if a young man has a heart to preach and labor for Christ, I see not why he will not make a good Chaplain. I know this, that a good *missionary* will make a good *Chaplain*, and every minister ought surely to make a good *missionary*; then, of course, every minister of the gospel ought to make a good *Chaplain*. Knowing that so many thousands of America's best sons, are bowing at mammon's shrine, are ready to offer themselves as a sacrifice upon mammon's altars, scattered along the valleys, and upon the mountains of California, I am pained at heart to have a Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society write me, "*Very difficult, do we find it, to obtain suitable Chaplains.*"

## A CHRISTIAN SHIPMASTER FALLEN.

Reports have reached the Islands respecting the ravages of the cholera in California, and upon the western coast of America. Among those who have been cut off, I regret to learn, Capt. David Wood must be numbered, the gentleman formerly commanding the U. S. Propeller, "Massachusetts." He was in command of this vessel when I embarked for the coast. It was to his generous hospitality that I owe the very great privilege which was afforded me of viewing Oregon and California. I found him ever the same generous and noble-hearted man. He is reported to have died of cholera while crossing the Isthmus, en route, to the United States. During an absence of two years from his family, residing in Newburyport, he had been moderately successful in acquiring the means to enable him to remain at home, and spend the evening of his days amid the cherished scenes of domestic life, for which he was, in all respects so admirably suited by his taste and feelings. I have often listened to a recital of incidents in his past life, showing that he had been called to encounter the storms of adversity, as well as experience the gentle breeze of prosperity. The changes and vicissitudes of life had so affected his mind, that he had been led to cast an anchor of hope within the veil. He was a dignified and consistent Christian Shipmaster. While a guest at his cabin table, and passenger on board the Massachusetts, I enjoyed a good opportunity of observing the fact, that the master of a ship succeeds best when conducting himself as the gentleman and Christian. In this connection I cannot refrain from alluding to one instance, showing that he was most conscientious in the discharge of his duty, especially in regard to a strict observation of the Sabbath. After his engagement with the United States Government, as commander of the Massachusetts, terminated, he was employed as the commander of the "McKim," one of the earliest steamboats running up the Sacramento. The incident referred to will best be described in a private letter which he wrote me in January

'50. "I am now a gentleman of leisure, and business of all kinds is exceedingly dull, so that I do not expect to find profitable employment before the weather becomes good. A new arrangement was made that the McKim should leave here on Saturdays in the afternoon, at 4 P. M., so as to get as far as Benecia that evening, and leave there the next morning, Sunday, and run through on that day. I told the agents — that I could not conscientiously retain the command of the McKinn if Sunday was to be her regular running day. They said all the owners were opposed to her running except — who owned more than one half of the stock, and, of course, had the controlling influence, and he said she *must* run on Sunday. Of course I left her, although I had nothing in prospect. In leaving her, I left my profitable pay, very comfortable quarters, and the employ of those who had treated me with the utmost kindness and attention." This extract shows the man and Christian. Would that the sea-faring community was more frequently honored with such men. Their worth and influence is incalculable. In closing this notice of a dear friend and most estimable man, I will merely add, that he was a graduate of Harvard University in 1814, and a classmate of the accomplished historian, Prescott. He leaves a widow and two children to mourn his loss, besides a circle of friends residing in and about Newburyport, being at his death a communicant in the Episcopal Church in his native place.

DEC. 6th.

I cannot occasionally but contrast the weather here with what I know it must be in New York and New England. To-day with us is mild and pleasant, but rather warm. Doors and windows all open, children playing on the green, the valleys and hills looking fresh and green. Never a milder day in June or September gladdened the good people of New York and New England. But now, how strong the contrast, with your cold, frosty, blowing, blustering and uncomfortable December weather. We may have one comfort at Honolulu, that we are blessed usually with the most pleasant



weather. I doubt whether a purer sky or balmier atmosphere, are bestowed upon even Italy. We never have the weather very warm or very cold. During my residence in Honolulu, I have never felt the need of a fire, neither have I ever experienced the heat so intense as in New York or Boston.

SATURDAY, Dec. 7th.

A vessel is reported to leave on Monday morning for San Francisco, and the letter bag closes this P. M. at at three o'clock. I therefore hasten to place this already too long communication in the proper channel for its reaching you.

The bark, "Croton," is just ready for sea, bound for the States, having the following persons as passengers: Mrs. Thurston (wife of the Rev. Mr. Thurston, missionary, at Kailua, Hawaii,) and daughter Mary; Master Dwight Baldwin and Miss Abba Baldwin, children of the Rev. Mr. Baldwin of Lahaina; Master Charles Gulick, son of the Rev. Mr. Gulick of Waialua, Ohua, and Mr. Wilcox, and two sons of Hanalei, Kauai.

The following items of domestic news may interest you: The king has appointed the 31st of the current month as a day of Public Thanksgiving. The Foreign community in Honolulu has just organized a Society styled the Honolulu Athenæum, designated to support a Reading Room and Library which has 106 annual subscribers, at \$10,00 each. The merchants in Honolulu have just formed themselves into a "Chamber of Commerce." Fears are apprehended that the cholera may visit our shores, although general health reigns at the present time. During the past few months, all kinds of mercantile and mechanical business in Honolulu has been uncommonly prosperous. In less than one year, 300 framed houses have been erected in Honolulu and vicinity. An effort is about to be made to obtain a municipal charter for the city of Honolulu. The native government is exceedingly cautious about the encroachment of foreigners, and well it may be!

Adieu for the present.

S. C. DAMON, Sea. Chap.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Reminiscences of a Sailor's Life.

We made sail from Gibraltar with a light breeze and pleasant weather. As the wind freshened we were enabled to stem the current that continually sets through these straits, and pursued our course slowly along the coast of Barbary, nothing occurring to break the monotony until we arrived a short distance from our port, when a line of breakers arrested our attention, and seemed to forbid our entrance. As we advanced to the point of danger, our captain by a close inspection of his charts was enabled to discover the channel while he skilfully piloted us through although he had not been here before. We came to anchor inside of a small island which forms the harbor of Mogodor, about two miles from the town. The shipping lay between the island and the main land, from which we could see the place where Capt. Riley was relieved from captivity among the Arabs.

He is here now Captain and owner of the brig Wm. Tell and has made the knowledge gained in his captivity turn to his advantage, owning two or three vessels in the wool trade. The Moors permit him to take greater liberties than Europeans generally as he speaks the language. As it is not my purpose to describe Mogodor, but to relate one of the many remarkable incidents of my life, I will hasten to the time it occurred. We were ordered, after but a short stay, by our consignee to proceed to Saffee, a place about one hundred miles to the Northward, in order to obtain our cargo.—The wind proving fair we accordingly sailed, and after a pleasant passage came to anchor in about sixteen fathoms of water in an open roadstead.—The town of Saffee is situated on rising ground open to the sea, and appears at a distance like a fortification. When the wind blows from the Southward, it causes a tremendous swell to rise in the bay, so that the shipping must slip their cables and make an offing, else they would part them and go ashore. Accordingly every thing was prepared for shipping topsails double reefed and furled, so that we were ready at a moment's warning to

go to sea. As we had now been here a week and received no visit from the shore, our Captain got impatient, ordered the boat to be lowered and manned, which took all the seamen, being four in number; got in himself with the passenger, leaving the brig in charge of the two mates and cook.

Pulling gently in towards the shore, we little thought of the deceitfulness of the element on which we were floating as it shone like a mirror reflecting the bright rays of the sun.—As we neared the beach we were ordered to lay on our oars by the Captain, that he might have time to judge if it would be safe to land. Thus the swell was insensibly heaving us towards the shore, and before we were aware a huge breaker began to form about ten feet above and a stern of us, the crest of which was transparent, of a beautiful sky blue. How could we reconcile it to our minds that this sublime appearance was about to change its form into a dashing cataract and engulf us in its vortex! But so it did; onward it came changing its form each moment, now thundering in madness on our devoted bark, whirling it round and round, leaving us all struggling in the surf. After the breaker had spent itself we could then see the perilous situation we were in, being about a cables' length from the shore. Other monstrous billows were forming with incredible rapidity and in a moment were dashing with impetuosity on our heads, submerging us so that we were hardly able to gain the surface until nearly drowned. At last, after long buffetings, I was thrown on the sandy beach, attempted to walk but fell down and was again hurled over. Recovering my feet, Isaac, one of the men, met me with an oar in his hand saying, "Dave, let us help the Captain." "Certainly, where is he?" "There he is laying like a barrel, he has given up and will be drowned unless we help him directly." We reached the oar to the Captain, he adhered to it with the pertinacity of a drowning man, and as a breaker struck him, we ran up the breach with him until it had spent itself; then each of us taking hold of him, we were enabled to carry him from the danger of the surf. We

found that none of our companions were missing although the Captain and one man were nearly drowned.—Two of the strongest, proceeded to the Consul's House, about two miles distant to procure assistance while I remained by the captain, applying a wet cloth to his head, as the heat of the sun caused our heads to ache violently. To add to our forlorn situation the Moors began to collect around, their eyes of fire flashing at us, while their gesticulation and deep guttural colloquy seemed to bode us no good; for although we had escaped a watery grave, a worse fate might await us—that of being sold into slavery. For one long hour our situation was no ways envious, until our hearts were cheered by the appearance of our shipmates, accompanied by the Consul with a horse and some restoratives. We did not remain long, however, to apply them, but mounted the Captain on the horse, while some of us helped the other man, and thus proceeded slowly towards the house. The Captain and James, were immediately put to bed, the remainder of us taking such refreshment as was necessary, in order to enable us to go on board the brig again, she now being helpless.—By dint of a round sum of money, the Moors manned one of their large canoes, pulling twenty oars, and succeeded, after considerable difficulty, to set us alongside of the brig. Isaac handed a note to the mate with orders to go to sea on the least indication of a Southerly wind. We then related to them our mishaps. After listening, the mate told us to get our supper and turn in as they would keep watch for us that night.

We were soon in the land of forgetfulness, and sound was our repose after the hardships of the past day, until the hoarse call of "All hands ahoy," broke in upon and aroused us from our pleasant dreams, to commence another day in the arduous struggle of life. With what this day was fraught the narrative will show. The mate being young and inexperienced, said "we would have to go to sea," not trusting himself to give the order, but waiting for some one's opinion. The wind was blowing fresh from the



South with hazy weather. "Certainly," says I, "you cannot be too soon about it." Well, Dave, "loose the main top sail." "Aye, aye sir, shall I loose the main-sail as I come down, for she must have the main-sail on her, or we cannot weather the land?"—"Yes, loose the main-sail," says he. No sooner said than I was half way aloft. As the top-sail fell, the sheets were hauled home and sail hoisted, the tack and sheet of the main-sail boarded and hauled aft, the head sails the same, and as we hoisted the jib, the cable was slipped, the head yards hauled so that we were soon standing off shore on the port tack with as much sail as we could carry. We were now gallantly breasting the breeze and as I was passing along the lee side a squall struck the vessel while the mate was running towards the main-top-sail halliards, with the intention of letting them go, which would have been death to us all, by causing the vessel to get aback and thus be drove on shore. Suddenly a deafening crash of thunder broke over our heads. I saw the mate reel and fall back with a dreadful groan, at the same time that I fell, struck insensible. How long I lay in this state is impossible to tell. As animation returned every thing seemed to whirl round, and it was some time before I had power to get up. I have been surrounded with many dangers in my life, but never was I placed in a similar situation. Awed by these messengers of the Almighty, I seemed to feel more directly in the hands of God, which stimulated me to act without fear. As I saw that the masts were standing and the helm all right, (the man having two turns with the tiller rope on the tiller head was prostrated on it which served to keep the helm stationary, and thus preventing the vessel from getting aback.) I made my way across the main hatch, and seeing George lying prostrate on his face attempted to arouse him.

He lifted up his head and looked at me, but lay down again without saying anything. The next persons I saw were the two mates, the one leaning against the harness cask, in front of the cabin, and the chief mate lying across his legs. The second offi-

cer said, "Oh, Dave, help Mr. Guy." I took the young man in my arms and carried him to the weather side of the companion hatch, and tried to seat him there. What a situation I was then placed in! I did not know whether he was dead or alive. His eyes were open, but his limbs were all unstrung. No one to move about or help but myself. It seems I must have acted by instinct, or had great decision given me, for I commenced doing something immediately, be it right or wrong. "Cook," vociferated I down the companion way, "toss me up some brandy." (The cook had been below at the time the lightning struck us, and was using his tinder box, so that he was also prostrated, and had hardly recovered.) "There is no brandy on board," says he. "You have some wine, then, pass it up." He handed me a demijohn of Tene-riffe wine. I washed the mate's face with it, yet he did not seem to revive. I then passed him down in the cabin, and told the cook to tend him, while I strove to do, what appeared to me, the best for the safety of the whole. Our little brig was now doing her best, every inch of canvass and rope strained to its utmost tension, the spray making a complete breach over us, wetting the foot of our top-sails. "Dave," says the second mate, "we must go back." "Impossible, sir; our only hope of safety is in making an offing, and we must try for that as long as our masts stand, and the vessel holds together; any attempt to do otherwise would be certain death, while now there is hope, which, I feel confident, will soon brighten. Thus, for a time, we continued careering o'er the billows with the speed of a race horse, having done all in our power, we trusted the result with God. As we opened the point off our lee bow, our hopes began to brighten, and, as we passed the point, let the vessel go more free that she might make more headway. After having made a sufficient offing, we mustered all our strength, being four in number, to put the vessel under short sail, which we accomplished after considerable labor. As the vessel was snug, I descended to the cabin, and found that our mate

was dead, causing a deep gloom to settle on the minds of all, and inspiring us with kindly feelings towards one another, and pity for the dead. He was an excellent young man, and had told us when he rose that morning that he had a remarkable dream, but never had an opportunity of relating it to us. We washed and put clean linen on him, and laid him out as decently as we could, with the ensign of his country for a pall. The next day, the weather proving fair, we made all sail for our port. Towards night we concluded to bury Mr. Guy. Sadly we bore the corpse to the gangway, shrouded in his snow white hammock—there were no unconcerned spectators at this burial—we felt deeply, although not related by ties of consanguinity, while the solemn service of the Church of England was read, being deeply impressive; and, as we committed his body to the deep, we humbly trusted that his soul was happy, and that we might be permitted to meet him should we be called to follow, for what we had lately passed through brought before us most vividly another world, and the uncertainty of life. Three days after, we entered the bay of Saffa with a signal of distress flying at the top mast head. We were boarded by the Captain, recovered our moorings, and two weeks after sailed for New York with a full cargo, where we arrived safe, with thankful hearts for our many deliverances from danger.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Call me Mara.

"Yes, *call me Mara, bitter*,—Ruth 1: 20—and *not Naomi, pleasant*, for my circumstances are changed. My husband is dead; my two sons are dead; my property is gone, and I am returning to the home of my youth in *bitterness* of spirit. *Call me Mara*, for that name is most significant of the penury and loneliness of my condition, and the feelings of my heart."

No, Naomi, you shall neither lose your old name nor your old friends.—If some of your springs of enjoyment are dried up, God will open others.—

His hand has been upon you to bring you out of the land of idolatrous Moab, and into the Canaan of his worship and favor. Moreover you have brought away Ruth to be planted in 'the Courts of the Lord in the line of David and Christ. Retain then your name; cast off your sorrowful mantle; cast yourself upon Him who doeth all things well, and be cheerful in possession of present good and more *pleasant* things in prospect.—We have been led to these reflections by the fact that of 104 fathers and sons of Gloucester, Mass. who died last year, 34 were lost at sea! and that many a stricken one is there saying, *Call me Mara*.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Judson's Monument.

The following extract of a letter, recently received by a sister of the deceased, affectionately addressed to her by his widow, Mrs. Emily C. Judson, of Maulmain, in Burmah, is too beautiful and thrilling to be lost.—Dr. Judson died on a voyage for his health between Burmah and the Isle of France, in April, 1850.

He several times spoke of a burial at sea, and always as though the prospect were agreeable. It brought, he said, a sense of freedom and expansion, and seemed far pleasanter than the confined, dark, narrow grave, to which he had committed so many that he loved. \* \* \*

"They lowered him to his ocean grave without a prayer, for his freed spirit had soared above the reach of earthly intercession, and to the foreigners who stood around, it would have been a senseless form. And there they left him in his unquiet sepulchre; but it matters little for we know that while the unconscious clay is drifting on the shifting currents of the restless main, nothing can disturb the hallowed rest of the immortal spirit. *Neither could he have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast, for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth and included the whole family of man.*"



# NAVAL JOURNAL.

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## Shipwreck near the Land's End.

### AFFECTING STORY.

Early on Saturday morning, the 11th January, the brig *New Commercial*, of Whitby, 250 tons burden, Sanderson master, bound from Liverpool to the Spanish Main, in a thick fog and strong gale from the S. S. W., struck upon a ledge of rocks between the Great and Little Brisson—two high rocks rising between 60 and 70 feet above high water mark, about one mile off the bluff headland of Cape Cornwall, and four miles northwards from the Land's End. The sea running very high the vessel immediately went to pieces, and the crew, nine men, with one woman, the wife of the master, got on the ledge. They were discovered from the shore as soon as day broke, but no assistance could then be possibly rendered them.

In this perilous condition the poor creatures remained until about 9 o'clock, when they were all washed off together by one tremendous wave, and hurled into the boiling deep. Seven out of the ten sank at once into a watery grave.

Of the remaining three—one, a mulatto, contrived to get on a portion of the wreck, and after having been beaten about for some hours in imminent peril of being every instant swallowed up by the breakers, managed with remarkable coolness and presence of mind, by means of a plank which he used as a paddle, and a piece of canvass which served him for a sail, with the assistance of the strong tides, to keep clear of the broken waters.

While this poor fellow was thus struggling for life, amid the anxious expectations of the people who witnessed his attempt from the shore, whose lofty cliffs were now crowded by upwards of 2,000 spectators, five fisherman, belonging to

Sennen, a small fishing cove close to the Land's End, determined, with that bold and resolute spirit for which these men are distinguished, to launch their boat (the *Grace*) through the breakers, in which they happily succeeded, and eventually, after encountering great risk, they rescued the poor mulatto from his perilous situation.

The other two, the master and his wife, when they were carried off the ledge, were washed upon the Little Brisson Rock, which rises in a peaked head, and is the resort of numerous sea fowl. The master first gained a footing upon the rock, and upon looking around him saw his wife struggling in the waves, but sufficiently near to enable him to stretch out his hand and pull her in. While the Sennen fishermen were occupied in rescuing the mulatto *Her Majesty's* revenue cutter *Sylvia*, commanded by Mr. Forward, was seen gallantly working round the Land's End, having been ordered to the spot by Captain Davies, R. N., the late and still acting inspecting commander of the coast guard of this district. Captain Davies himself and several of the officers took up their stations upon the lofty promontory of Cape Cornwall, overlooking the Brissons. On reaching the point Mr. Forward launched his boat, and attempted, with a crew of four men, to get near the rock; but the attempt was fruitless, and it was only with great difficulty that he regained the cutter, to the great relief of Captain Davies and the numerous spectators upon the cliffs, who rejoiced to perceive that, though success did not attend his daring exploit, still he himself and his gallant crew at least were safe. It was now growing late, and nothing more could be attempted in the way of rescue for the day, so Mr. Forward hoisted his colors and hove to his craft, to

encourage the poor sufferers, who were now to be left to spend the wretched night without food or shelter, exposed to the wind and rain upon this desolate rock amid the wide waste of waters, and to assure them that they had still a friend who would stand by and not forsake them.

On Sunday morning the wind happily drew a little to the south-east, which caused the sea to abate; all hands were immediately on the alert. At 1 o'clock four boats were seen approaching from the Sennen Cove—three manned by fishermen and one by the coast guard; at the same time Captain Davies arrived, having embarked in a preventive boat at a small cove named Pendeen, about three miles north-east of the spot, with four preventive men and one miner, taking rockets with him. The cutter's boat also was manned by Mr. Forward—so that six boats were quickly on the spot. By this time the scene had become one of the most exciting description, and the crowds of people upon the cliffs could not have numbered less than 5,000 or 6,000; and as each boat arrived at the spot, the cheers of this vast multitude, awakening all the echoes of this cavernous coast, added not a little of excitement.

The sea ran so high that no boat could venture within 100 yards of the rock. The rockets which Captain Davies had taken with him in the preventive boat had never been tried here before, even from the shore, and we believe never elsewhere from a boat.

After making his arrangements, he with his own hand discharged the rocket. He was enveloped for an instant in a sheet of flame from the back fire. Happily, however, he sustained no injury, but unfortunately the line which reached the rock fell upon a sharp ledge, which cut the rope so that the end of it slipped off into the sea.

It is impossible to describe the disappointment experienced by the people upon the cliffs and in the boats at this unfavorable result of such a daring experiment.

After a short delay, however, another rocket was prepared which Captain Davies again himself discharged, and this time the cord fell on the rock close by the man, to the great joy and delight of the assembled multitude.

At this critical moment the sun shone forth with brilliancy. The man on the rock was seen to fasten the line around the waist of his wife, and to encourage her to take the fearful leap, while she lingered and hesitated to jump into the foaming waters. After some little time, however, his persuasions prevailed. They took an affecting leave of each other, and, amid the breathless expectation of all, she made the awful plunge for life or death from a height of about 12 feet. At this moment three immense waves broke in rapid succession, perilling the safety of all. For a time, indeed, the boats were entirely hidden from the view of the spectators, and the loud cry broke forth from thousands of voices, "They are gone." But soon again the boats were seen above the swelling waves, and the lofty cliffs once more rang with approving cheers. The cord was drawn with great judgment, and after about three minutes the poor woman was taken into one of the boats; but the blows from the waves were more than her exhausted frame could bear. No attention that could be shown her was spared. The men took off their own clothes to cover her, and used every effort to restore her.—She breathed, but by the time the boat reached the cove life had fled. After the master had persuaded his wife to leave him he fastened the cord round his own waist, and was drawn, greatly exhausted, into one of the other boats.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the conduct of those who were employed on this occasion.—All who witnessed it agree in declaring that a more gallant, humane, and praise-worthy act has seldom been recorded.



New York, April, 1851.

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### Sea Maxims.

"At the period when I began my nautical career," says Capt. Richard J. Cleveland, "it was a universally received maxim, that drinking grog and chewing tobacco were two essential and indispensable requisites for making a good seaman." To illustrate the absurdity of the maxim he adds, "I have navigated to all parts of the world, from the sixtieth degree of south latitude to the sixtieth degree north; and sometimes in vessels whose diminutive size, and small number of men caused exposure to wet and cold, greatly surpassing what is usually experienced in ships of ordinary capacity; I have been exposed to the influence of the most unhealthy places; at Batavia, where I have seen whole crews prostrate with the fever, and death making havoc among them; at San Blas, where the natives can stay only a portion of the year; at the Havana, within whose walls I have resided five years consecutively; I have suffered captivity, robbery, imprisonment, ruin, and the racking anxiety consequent thereon. And yet through the whole, and to the present sixty eighth year of my age, I have never taken a drop of spirituous liquor of any kind; never a glass of wine, or porter, ale or beer, or any beverage

stronger than tea or coffee; and more over, I have never used tobacco in any way whatever; and this, not only without injury but on the contrary to the preservation of my health. Headache is known to me by name only; and except those fevers which were produced by great anxiety and excitement, my life has been free from sickness."

Testimony from such a source, and of so long standing is invaluable.— Happily such examples of temperance and sobriety on the sea have recently greatly increased. The use of tobacco too is losing gradually its advocates; Seamen being convinced that it is a narcotic injurious to health, and a practice too filthy for a decent justification.

Another salt water maxim has been that the *hardest swearers make the best commanders*. He who pours forth the hottest, hugest, and most hissing Etna of oaths secures the readiest obedience. And is it so? Is human nature such a cur as to become obsequious under a shower of curses sooner than obey a reasonable call of duty? If so we have studied man more than two score years in vain.— But it is not so; and we pronounce the story so often told of a quaker, who rebuked an officer for swearing at the

men in fair weather, and who, on seeing them slow to duty in the gale, said to the officer, "hadn't thee better swear a little?" a sheer fabrication; a miserable apology for a practice which deserves the keenest rebuke from man, and which is sternly condemned by the Word of God. He who swears profanely loses his own and the respect of others. His men may obey his oath-driven command, but they will despise him for it. He may put on the show of a lion-like bravery, but they instinctively know that true courage does not bolt its doors with ungodly thunder. The profane swearer, whether an Officer or Sailor, renders himself mean, and unfit for any decent society.

*Another maxim of Sea-faring life with some, is that the lash is the grand specific and insurance of obedience.*

As the law has recently taken the lash into its own hand, this maxim may now escape unwhipped. Should its use be revived on the backs of *men*, it will become the humane to pray for the passage of a law to depose every master and officer, who, on account of unnatural stimulants or an ungovernable temper, cannot control himself.

*Another Sea-maxim is no Sabbath off soundings.*

And this maxim has there exerted ten fold more influence than the Fourth Command in the Decalogue. The excellent Captain Congar and a few others years ago were wont to put their ships under easy sail on the Sabbath, and give their men as many hours as possible for religious purposes. A few were careful to have the deck scrubbed, and every needful preparation made on Saturday for a devout observance of holy time. But

the Sabbath-keeping captains, solitary as John in the Island of Patmos, were called "righteous over much," and sternly opposed by passengers who were more anxious to make quick voyages than to honor the Lord of the Sabbath in the due observance of his law. It gives us joy now to know there are many Sabbaths off soundings; many ships which are Bethels; many harpoons and lances no more used on that day than are the rifles and axes in the habitations of the pious on land. It greatly increases our joy to know that a new and improved edition of Sea-maxims is fast superseding the old ones; and to find at the head of them all a maxim which will never wear out, viz:—*The fear of the Lord in the beginning of wisdom.*

#### Western Boatman's Union.

St. Louis, Mo.

We have just received the second annual report of this Institution, designed to benefit the thousands who traverse the great rivers of the western valley. Its receipts for the years 1849 and 1850, were \$7,538 10; of which \$5,624 88 have been expended in erecting a Bethel church in St. Louis. When completed, it will contain, besides the place for public worship, 50 feet wide by 70 deep, a Reading Room and Library. A Bethel church has been organized, based on the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, consisting now of 29 members; a Bible class of 35 pupils, and two Sabbath Schools numbering over 170 scholars.

About \$4,500 more are needed to complete the church edifice which is expected to be finished this spring. The Rev. Charles J. Jones is the faithful, and successful chaplain and pastor.



## Havana Chaplaincy.

HAVANA, CUBA, Feb. 3, 1851.

Dear Sir—Your Chaplain has been two days absent without leave, on a hasty visit to Mariel, and reports of his excursion. Two Americans having joined me, we left Havana by railroad, at an early hour of the morning, and found the mist hanging heavily upon the valleys and hill sides as we passed from the city. The sun soon broke upon the "Queen of the Antilles," and lighted up the romantic scenery, amidst which we were carried. Now we passed over rolling lands, covered with sugar cane or tobacco, and studded with palms, cocoa or bread-fruit, and again we were whirled through orchards of plantains, groves of bamboo, and gardens rich in the fruits and flowers of a tropical climate. Here our course lay along an elevated ridge, with views of far distant mountain peaks, and there the prospect was restricted by an intervening forest of dense and tangled brushwood.

A ride of about twenty miles brought us to San Antone, a village of considerable note, remarkable as the place where a river disappears at the base of a mountain, and is lost from all further trace over a distance of some thirty miles between it and the ocean. Diverging from the road to Matanzas, we come in fifteen miles more to Guana Jay, containing a population of two thousand. Here we looked for a *Posda* that we might breakfast, and found one opposite the public plaza and next door to the church. It was a stable below for horses and a stable above for men. Everything about the town is calculated to impress a traveler unfavorably. The streets are narrow and uneven—the houses small and filthy, and the people half clad, and, irrespective of sex or age, occupied in smoking. Gambling is the dependence of the village, the place being a resort for this purpose by the country people of the neighborhood.

Procuring a guide and horses, we left Guano Jay, and, descending a hill to the west of the town, passed through a sugar plantation and stopped

at the *trapiche*, to witness the process of breaking up the cane. This was effected by oxen, of which there were twenty employed in grinding. The plantation seemed large to us, measuring possessions by the ordinary farms of the northern States. The amount of sugar grown upon it would not exceed five hundred boxes, however, while many of the estates afford twelve or fourteen thousand annually. Resuming our ride, plantation succeeded plantation, and every advance opened new prospects of hills and valleys. The dwellings of the negroes are only thatched hovels, crowded closely together on some open field bereft of its trees, as if these were too great a luxury for the unfortunate African. Now and then we encountered parties of countrymen on horseback, with holsters at their saddle-bows and *machetes* at their sides. Two leagues over as bad a road as I have ever seen, brought us to the summit of a mountain, overlooking the bay and town of Mariel, and the surrounding country, for fifteen or twenty miles. Here our guide refused to proceed further, although we had bargained to be taken to the port. Remonstrance was useless, and we betook ourselves on foot to the village, where we made our way to its *fonda*, followed by the eyes and jargon of the villagers. While partaking of refreshments, the interpreter demanded our business and destination. We submitted our passports to the Governor, and, just as they were returned, were greeted with the salutations of a noble ship Captain, whose acquaintance I had previously made. In half an hour we reached his vessel across the bay, and were received by himself and lady with the most cordial hospitality. We remained on board until the following morning, and then, on miserable horses, returned to Guana Jay and Havana. And now I must tell you of

## THE RIGHT KIND OF A CAPTAIN.

It is not so much the touching attentions, the almost brotherly affection, bestowed upon your Chaplain, that leads me to write of this Captain, who welcomed us to Mariel, as a desire of

showing what a master may be, despite the difficulties of Christian life, on ship-board. First of all, he is grateful for redeeming love, and shows his colors fearlessly. In port or at sea he gathers his crew into the cabin on the Sabbath, and requires every sailor to read with him in the Holy Scriptures. He then commends them to God, and dismisses them to their quarters. None are allowed to go on shore on the Lord's day, but have liberty on Saturday in stead. A finer looking set of sailors I have not seen on ship-board than those of which I write, and I know that they love their Captain. May the day be hastened when every ship that floats shall have a commander equally revered by his crew, and equally deserving of obedience and affection. Complete subordination prevails, and yet the master does not swear, nor will he allow himself to call a sailor out of his proper name. How is it, if Captains cannot be obeyed without using profanity, that this Master has no trouble in securing the prompt execution of his orders? How is it, if Sailors are a hopeless class, to be abandoned to vice, that the tars of this ship are restrained by kindness? During my residence in Cuba, the only case of serious difficulty under my observation, has been occasioned by the profanity and tyranny of a Master. My conviction is daily strengthened, that a good Captain will have little or no trouble with his men, while an unfeeling and unprincipled one will be constantly in broils.

#### FEMALE INFLUENCE ON SHIP-BOARD.

The wife of the Master to whom I have referred, is an open-hearted, intelligent and pious lady. She has accompanied her husband on many of his voyages, and provides herself with religious books to be loaned to the crew. I was informed by her that, on returning home, the sailors would bring their books into the cabin, and, in almost every instance, request permission to keep the volume which had been furnished for perusal.

The wife of Capt. L——, another Master trading to this port, affords an additional illustration of the excellence of woman's influence, when directed

and moulded by love to the Saviour. It appears that a mutiny, on account of short allowance, was planned by several of the sailors, and proceeded to such an extent, as to involve most of the crew and intimidate the rest. The penetrating mind of Mrs. L—— discovered that all was not right. With caution, about daybreak she made her way amid ships, where she could overhear the conversation in the fore-castle and thus became informed of the plan of the mutineers. Returning to the cabin she called her husband and made known her discovery. With every possible expedition he prepared to proceed at once to extremes. This was deprecated by the wife, and contriving to delay the contemplated measures of the Captain, she hastened into the fore-castle, collected the crew around her, told them what she had heard from their lips—pointed out the necessity of the restriction imposed and then appealed to the ringleader to aid her in suppressing the mutiny. Instantly he bowed before her and the fore-castle rang with his shout, "*I will stand by you and the Captain to death.*" It is scarcely necessary to add that Capt. L—— had no use for his firearms.

#### PRAISEWORTHY GENEROSITY.

Some weeks ago, there came to Havana a Canadian invalid attended by his youthful wife. Full of hope they repaired to an inland village, but his strength declined and he sunk into the arms of death, on one of the beautiful days of the week just closed. The wife in the tenderness of her love, gave orders for the preparation of the body for removal to her distant and lonely home. When these were executed, she found that exorbitant charges had involved her beyond the means at her command, and repaired to Havana to solicit the aid of a merchant, not American or Spanish, from whom she had reason to expect assistance. In her interview with him, she was charged with prodigality in seeking to return the remains of her husband and coldly and rudely denied her request. With a crushed and bleeding heart, she turned away to her quarters in the city. But the widow's God beheld her anguish, and sent Mr.



C—, of Boston, who had learned her story, to place his bountiful purse at her disposal. Such acts of kindness will in no wise lose their reward.

#### THE CHAPLAINCY.

Until the last of January, the amount of shipping was not much increased beyond the preceding month. The number of American vessels is still small, compared with former years. Of the masters and crews in port, none upon whom I have called, have refused to join us in our Sabbath services. Our countrymen resident in the city are invited and some accept the invitation gladly. Yesterday, I preached on the Bark Isabella of Bath, to the largest congregation we have had. Among the auditors were ladies and gentlemen of Havana, Philadelphia, Boston and other places, besides masters and sailors from the vessels in the harbor. My stock of tracts is nearly exhausted and I send a remonstrance against short allowance.

Yours, sincerely,  
HENRY M. PARSONS.

#### Havre Chaplaincy.

With the restoration of the Chaplain's health this station assumes encouraging aspects. The Chaplains thus writes:—

HAVRE, Feb. 6, 1851.

Dear Brother,

I trust we are not ungrateful.—We believe the hand of God is in it. It is not among the least of my encouragement that I can return to my evening lectures to Seamen.—Last Thursday eve we had a gathering of seventy-five in a large dining-hall. They listened with perfect attention. At the close of the meeting when I assured them that it would give me great pleasure to render them any temporal service they might need, they thronged me with American bank bills, requesting French money. I told them it was not in my line to exchange money, but as they seemed anxious to employ me in that capacity I would do my best at it. Accordingly my pockets were

stuffed with bills; and the next day I procured for them the full value. This service induced some of them to attend church the next Sabbath.

I found one among the number, who expressed his happiness in finding the means of grace in Havre for Sailors.

I sometimes find it necessary to answer a fool according to his folly, in my converse with these men.—A few evenings ago whilst inviting them to attend one of my brief "re-unions," one man replied, "Oh, yes sir, I will attend if you will give me a *franc* to get drunk on!" That is more than you would need my good fellow—you can get drunk on *two sous*. It is not so dignified a thing as you think it! The whole party laughed and he was silent. We have very good congregations. Last Sabbath eve many blacks were present. I noticed one mark of good impression at our services, viz., the perfect silence and attention of all during the reading of the Scriptures. I am quite sure that the Bible is winning its way among men, not merely in the multiplicity of bound volumes but in its true spiritual power. I have noticed it in London, and in Geneva and other localities, not among Sailors merely but citizens and travelers.

Another favorable index is the increase of donations to our church. We never had a more expensive year, and yet our incidental expenses have been more than met. We have not asked for a farthing saving our collections during the year, and yet there has been a surprising willingness in all quarters to send us money.

Among those who have been particularly generous to the church and to ourselves are:—

Capt. Barstow, of the	Robert Kelley.
Capt. Conn,	" Baltimore.
Capt. Drew,	" Lebanon.
Capt. Everleigh,	" St. Nicholas.
Capt. Follansbee,	" St. Denis.
Capt. Gross,	" Elizabeth.
Capt. Henderson,	" Pyramid.
Capt. Knight,	" Greenwich.

Capt. Lines, formerly of New York.  
 Capt. Moody, (Tarquin, lost.)  
 Capt. Richardson, of the Gallia.  
 Capt. Rogers, " Beatrice.  
 Capt. Williams, " Seine.  
 Capt. Williams, " Connecticut.

There are others whose names do not at this moment occur.—Should they see this, their own memory will afford them a pleasure greater than a view of this acknowledgment.

Indeed, of the thousand masters who have come within my acquaintance there is scarcely an exception to a uniform demeanor of respect and kindness towards us.—I can say the same of officers and Seamen.

I wish also to mention the following citizens and strangers.

Mr. H. Monod, Mr. E. Monod, Mr F. de Connick, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Chrystie, Mr. Currie, Mr. Burns, Mr. Broomhead, Mr. Sansom, Mr. Phipps, \*Mr. Nichie, of New York, Miss Parker, Mrs. Featherstouh, Mrs. Raynard, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Phene, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Ross, Miss Young, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Higgin, Mme. Dolphus, Mme. Pruary, Mme. St. Martin, Mr. Dowle, Mrs. Fuz-zard, Mrs. Rossiter, Miss Gore, Capt. Palmer, Mr. Draper, Consul; Mr. Draper merchant; Mr. Winslow.

Others have, as well as some of these been mentioned before. Mr. Chrystie never attends my church, but he invariably sends a present on Christmas or New Year's Day. The last amounted to \$20. Mr. Smyth is an Irish gentleman stopping here for the season. He gave \$40.

Mr. de Connick gives \$20 a year, and \$100 for the room under the church. Miss Parker, though an Episcopalian, and never attends church with us, gave us \$14.

I need not say that the Monods are perpetually giving proof of their kindness. Mr. Sansom has

\* Mr. Nichie is a merchant in New York. I met him in our Consul's office, when he without any solicitation gave a handsome donation to our church. He subscribes to your society yearly.

been a great auxilliary since his appearance among us. Indeed all have shown great interest especially during my illness. They evidently entered into my feelings and anxieties.

I cannot leave this matter without stating that there are in our congregation, three or four servants, who earn only \$50 or \$60 a year, and yet give to the church \$5 each. But I am ashamed to add there are also merchants who live in style among us, whose subscriptions and *pew-rents even we never see!* and what is worse they are members of *some church*—and talk very religiously!

May the Lord reward and bless according to his grace and not according to the merit or demerit of any. Yours, affectionately,

E. E. ADAMS,  
*Seamen's Chaplain.*

#### Seamen's Floating Bethel.

WHAMPOA, Nov. 20, 1850.

At a meeting of the subscribers to the Seamen's Bethel Fund, held at Messrs. Olyphant & Co's Sept. 6, 1850, Messrs. J. Dent, J. Jardine, G. H. Lamson and T. W. L. McKean were re-elected Trustees for the ensuing year.

Messrs. R. B. Forbes and J. Nye were chosen to fill the vacancies occasioned by the return of Messrs. P. S. Forbes and R. P. Dana to the U. S.

It may be gratifying to you to know, that having met the expenses incurred in constructing and furnishing the Bethel, in obtaining a very liberal supply of papers for the Reading Room, and in the purchase of books for the Bethel Library, there is remaining in the hands of the Treasurer \$400,

The Reading room has become a place of rational resort, where those who have leisure can spend an hour agreeably and profitably. The Library contains about three hundred well selected volumes. I would gently hint to those who are solicitous for an opportunity to exercise their liberality, that a donation of books to said Library would be a most capital investment.



We find the Bethel admirably adapted to the purposes of its construction. It is the product of the noble generosity of Seamen and the friends of Seamen. Conscious of the great need at Whampoa of a Bethel, a place for the worship of the true God, and feeling that by its construction great good might result to the thousands of seamen that yearly resort to this port, the residents of Canton, Hong Kong and Whampoa, most liberally united their contributions to those so generously given by the Seamen themselves; and now through the blessing of God we are permitted to rejoice in the consummation of an object which reflects so great credit upon the donors.

As an individual specially interested in the successful issue of the enterprise, and as the representative of the American Seamen's Friend Society, I would express my gratitude for the practical and available sympathy which I have almost universally received, and especially for the valuable and indispensable aid of those gentlemen who most heartily co-operated with me. May the blessing of Him who loveth a cheerful giver rest upon all who have given little or much, and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the bliss of heaven be the inheritance of all those who shall here assemble for the worship of the Omnipotent, the Eternal God.

'Tis a simple altar we have erected. There will be found here no fretted arches, no pomp of ceremonies, nothing to superinduce a love of display.

But the penitent, the lowly, the contrite and the humble, sincere followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, may here, in this far off land, bring their grateful offering of praise and prayer, and hold converse with the Spiritual Jehovah.

In this humble place of worship we trust that many penitent sinners will find direct access, through an atoning and interceding Saviour, to the sin-pardoning God, and hear those transporting accents, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace." Here may the homeless Christian Sailor be cheered by those last words of our Saviour, I go to prepare mansions for you on high.

Here may the aged navigator on life's great ocean catch some faint glimpses of the heavenly land, and be made to rejoice in the near prospect of arriving at the port of endless bliss.

The erection of the Bethel has occasioned the Chinese to make many inquiries in relation to the object contemplated in its construction. Many of them have expressed their surprise on learning that it was a place consecrated to the worship of the true God, as they had been more accustomed to hear the "fauqui" swear than pray, to witness deeds of violence and wrong than of kindness and love, and have never seen in them any external manifestations of religious worship. In the past they have had some grounds truly for calling Europeans and Americans "outside barbarians." The Bethel will have accomplished no mean end, if it shall have introduced into the Chinese mind at Whampoa one new idea relating to our beloved Christianity—if it shall teach them the lesson that the Christian foreigner worships the one true, the spiritual God.

That single idea may be the germ of a revolution in many Chinese minds—may be the stepping stone to those great gospel truths which shall prove effectual for the overthrow of idolatry and the demolition of heathen temples.

The positive good which has resulted from the establishment of the Canton Chaplaincy ought to be an encouragement to the Board in their labors of benevolence, and an inducement to enlarge their sphere of operations—ought to call forth the generous sympathy and the practical aid of the whole Christian Church—ought to secure the hearty co-operation of the benevolent with the Board in all their enlarged plans of real Christian benevolence.

The remark has frequently been made in my hearing that a great change for the better had taken place at Whampoa during the past two years. This remark corresponds with my personal observation. The establishment of divine service regularly on the Lord's day has tended

to call to remembrance the sanctity of the day, and, as a result, there is less desecration of the Sabbath. For many months the congregations at the Bethel have been large, and have, without exception, manifested the most serious deportment and marked attention. We trust that some will realize, in their own experience, that the words spoken to them "are spirit and they are life," and will manifest in their lives the peaceable fruits of righteousness. In a few instances we have reason to hope that the sick sailor has been induced to look to Christ as his Saviour, found peace in believing, and died reconciled to his God, in hope of a blissful immortality.

It is admitted by all who are conversant with the facts, that there is less dissipation and fewer drunken revels at Whampoa than formerly—that there is a stronger moral sentiment against drunkenness. I would not have you infer that the port presents only scenes of temperance and purity. I would that such were the case. But the means of dissipation are so abundant, and the inducements so powerful, that the poor sailor often becomes a victim to a depraved appetite or an inordinate passion, and pays a most terrible penalty for his folly by sickness or death, or by disease the most loathsome.

I have had special cause to regret a custom prevalent among some of our American Captains, in furnishing their men with money on Sabbath mornings, and giving them the day as a "liberty day." In consequence, sailors from different ships meet ashore, where the Chinese ply them with poisonous "*samshu*," and rob them of their money. You can easily imagine the broils that thus arise on shore, and the scenes that occur on shipboard on the return of a drunken crew. If these same Captains would accompany their men to the Bethel on the Lord's day, and give them, a few at a time, liberty during the week, they would essentially promote the good morals of the port, benefit their men, and in many instances save themselves from se-

rious difficulty. We look forward hopefully to this most desirable reform.

In closing my term of service as Chaplain of this port, I cannot look back upon the past three years without feelings of the most heartfelt and grateful emotions. Goodness and mercy have truly followed me. If anything has been accomplished towards the permanent establishment of the Chaplaincy, anything towards preparing the field for the more abundant labors of my successor, anything towards promoting the present and eternal salvation of my fellow-men, it is because God's blessing has rested upon the labor of our hands. Without the divine favor we should have signally failed.

We have ever met with kindness and sympathy from those who are engaged in the great work of Evangelizing the heathen. Their reward is on high.

My intercourse with Seamen has been most pleasing, and I shall cherish the remembrance of many with feelings of peculiar interest.

A solemn sadness steals over me when I think how many I have buried on Danes' Island, far from country, home and friends. The lesson is deeply impressed upon my heart, *be ye also ready*.

The earnest wish and prayer of my heart is, that I may meet those who have attended my ministrations here "in the house of our Father above, the palace of angels and God."

I am, most sincerely, yours,

GEO. LOOMIS,  
Seamen's Chaplain,

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### Lost at Sea.

From on board Schr. Joseph Rusling on the 9th Dec. last.

Capt. Smith, from Schr. A. C. Totton. Nov. 23, George Anthony.

From Schr. Ceres, the mate and cook.

From Ship Brunswick, 13th January, two Seamen.



## Bordeaux Chaplaincy.

We are happy to introduce to our readers our excellent Moravian brother, and Seaman's Chaplain at Bordeaux. His Report illustrating the importance and success of his work, will appear in due time.

*Bordeaux, Nov. 30, 1850.*

No 21, Rue Traversiere.

## MY DEAR BROTHER.

Having a very good occasion to answer your last letter, I shall principally express my warmest gratitude to your honored Committee, for having sent us another agreeable grant of Christian beneficence in favor of our chapel for foreign Seamen at Bordeaux. May the Lord be praised for this repeated proof of unmerited grace and mercy, which we have seen again by His almighty hand, in receiving your last gift of fifty dollars. The actual political state; Germany in this troublesome time is very unfavorable to the entertainment and continuation of our work to Seamen at Bordeaux, for in such a manner we lose all our sustentations from this side; the governments that are engaged in war, forgetting naturally a Chapel like ours.

It is some weeks ago that I received the advertisement from our directors in Saxony, that they have given orders to their minister in England to make the translations of my German report, printed and published some months ago, and that immediately this report, I mentioned in my last letter to you, dear brother, translated into English, should be sent to Bordeaux. I am expecting this sending every day, but hitherto nothing has arrived. In the mean time I continue our interesting work in the seaport at Bordeaux, not without success. Not a single American ship, if it is possible in this stormy and rainy season, shall, I think, remain unvisited, like those of all other Protestant nations, whose flags appear

in our port. I am still much rejoiced to be, every time when I pay visits on board of the vessels, very friendly accepted by the sailors, who are very content to see me come to them, in order to converse with them upon the great things of God and Jesus Christ, the author and founder of our eternal salvation. Immediately they form a circle around me, hear my exhortations with the greatest attention and receive my tracts with excessive joy, saying: "Ah! the evening in the present season is so long; now shall we have a good pastime."—Certainly the best pastime one can have! And in hearing the heavenly truth they find in these little books, the Holy Ghost is active to inform their immortal souls, to open their hearts to the salutary instructions of the gospel, to conduct these nature-men upon the way of life, to the perfect knowledge of the "one thing need-

this moment our river is filled with a very considerable number of those great and beautiful ships of America, while all expect my visits. I will pray the Lord, that He will give me himself, the words and expressions most convenient to touch the hearts of all the mariners committed to my care!

I cannot finish without adding the warmest wishes of my heart and the most instant solicitation, that also in the following year 1851, we might receive another grant of your Christian liberality; principally for that reason, because the political circumstances of Germany at the present time, decline more and more to the war. In this case we shall, *I must repeat it*, probably lose all our sustentations, and we cannot expect any other pecuniary aid, except the Christian contributions of yours, and the British and Foreign Sailor's Society, that, I hope, will not forget us.

I beg you, most fervently, dear brother, that you might have the goodness to recommend the important work for Protestant seamen at Bordeaux, very instantly and ur-

gently to your honorable Committee. In the mean time I do expect every day, my report above mentioned; and the first ship setting forth to New York, shall bring it to you.

My daily prayer is, that the Lord may bless more and more our friends and brethren at New York, who, I hope, never shall forget us, and give us also in 1851, a new mark of Christian sympathy and brotherly love and interest, in order to glorify in a higher degree the name of our adorable Lord and Saviour. Oh! let us not make doubt of the almightiness and grace of God, let us humbly besiege the divine throne, and give God no rest, until He makes His holy name a praise throughout all the earth, Amen!

May God bless you, dear brother, and your very estimable Society; that is the most fervent wish and sincerest desire of

Yours,

In the bonds of the Gospel,

J. L. SCHIEP,

Minister and Missionary to Seamen  
in the seaport of Bordeaux.

#### Christian Editor Encouraged.

In June last, a fisherman sailed from Gloucester, Mass. Upon opening a package which he had brought from home, his eye fell upon an article in a religious newspaper. His attention was arrested. He was a young man. He had been careless, even reckless, as to future realities. But he was to be made the subject of sovereign grace. The time had come. That paragraph was the Spirit's chosen instrument. He continued to read the paper, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his shipmates. He was led to see his guilt, his helplessness, his need, and in not many weeks was rejoicing in Christ's merits and death. He is now on his way to a glorious immortality.

The paper was the *Watchman and Reflector*. Neither the number nor the paragraph are known. No special petition may have been put up to the throne of grace by the

editor, as he penned or selected that paragraph. The paper was placed in that box by a pious mother. The failure of so many influences, from infancy to manhood, would have made others despair. To others this may have seemed a "forlorn hope." But she was full of faith. She now rejoices. She had become through the solicitation of an agent, a recent subscriber to the paper, and at the request of her son subsequently ordered it stopped. God was pleased to bless an intervening number, and a soul has been saved. That number was to make known God's power and grace to a prodigal son—to give joy in heaven and upon earth, and to encourage the Christian editor to see and to feel his instrumentality in the accomplishment of God's purposes. "My word shall not return unto me void."—*Watchman and Reflector*.

#### The Island World of the Pacific.

We have just received from the press of the Harpers, a book with the above title, being the personal narrative and results of travel through the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, and other parts of Polynesia; by REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER, author of the "Whale and his Captors;" two editions of which have been published in London, and specially commended for the union of literature and religion in its pages,—a volume which we think should be added to the Seaman's Library, as well as to those of others. From its interesting narrative, its useful knowledge, and its moral and religious bearing; fortunate as to the time of its birth, just as these islands, so long the outskirts of creation, are brought into the middle of the great West.

We give an extract or two from the book:

"The ISLAND-WORLD of the Pacific is presented to our contemplation in a great variety of interesting aspects and relations. The vast ocean in which it is em-



bosomed sweeping in latitude from pole to pole, and rolling in longitude over a whole hemisphere, exceeds the area of all the continents and islands of the globe by ten millions of miles.

Dotting it here and there like, stars in the air ocean above, there are about six hundred and eighty islands of Oceanica exclusive of New Holland, New Zealand, New Caledonia, New Ireland, and the Solomons, they are estimated to contain forty thousand square miles, and their population is but little over five hundred thousand." In the range of six thousand miles between New Holland and Mexico, there are some of the most extensive mountain chains in the world." "The two principal are the Samoan, running through thirty-eight hundred miles, and the Hawaiian, through two thousand, beside others no less remarkable, all preserving a systematic regularity, which seems to exceed even that of continental chains, if measured from the bottom of the ocean, would surpass, it is calculated, the most majestic peaks of the Himalaya range." "There are many things which concur to indicate that the islands remaining unsubmerged are but the tombstones of a buried continent, as wide and as long as that of South America, extending from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand."

#### Rosevelt St. Mariner's Church.

##### INTERESTING REPORT OF THE CHAPLAIN.

In giving an account of the different meetings held in the Mariner's church, I begin with those of the Sabbath. Though the attendance on that holy day is not large, it has been slowly increasing for some time, and is still increasing. The congregation is very attentive, and principally composed of seamen. Serious impressions are often made upon their minds while sitting under the sound of the gospel; and they sometimes wait after the close of the service, or seek

some other opportunity, to converse with me on the subject of their salvation. Three services are held on each Sabbath.

The weekly Lecture is on Thursday, and the prayer meeting on Friday evening. The attendance is larger than heretofore. Some attend the former, who are seldom present at the latter. In the prayer meetings, which are of a social character, seamen are accustomed to use their Christian liberty, and take a part in the religious exercises. The prayers and exhortations of pious sailors on these occasions, come from the heart and reach the heart, and are blest to their mutual benefit. They are thus confirmed in the faith and encouraged in their Christian course. Others too are impressed with the importance of religion.

Circumstances occasionally give to these meetings a peculiar interest. At one of the evening lectures last autumn, the meeting was uncommonly large and solemn. In the meeting were three sober, well dressed and well behaved sailors, who appeared to be in company with a shipmate, a little under the influence of liquor, poorly clad, and without a jacket. After the sermon was commenced, this sailor made a remark in approbation of what he heard, and his shipmates thought it was a disturbance of the meeting. Fearing he would continue his remarks, they began very quietly to remove him, and all got up to leave the Lecture Room. I stopped preaching, requesting them to remain and hear the gospel. The sailor said in a sorrowful tone, "I came to hear the gospel." I told him not to speak while I was speaking, and asked them all to take their seats again, which they did, and remained till the service was closed. All were attentive, but he listened with deep attention. When speaking of the blessing of pardon, I asked what they would give to obtain it. He answered, "All I have, which is only three cents." At the close of the

meeting, one of the sailors remarked that "a king could not have said more." I then had a conversation with him. He appeared really distressed about his sins, and wished to join the Temperance Society. He signed the pledge, and solemnly promised, by the assistance of God, to keep it and to lead a new life. He had drank very little, and appeared to be in earnest about his salvation. I then exhorted them to seek the Lord, and they left the Church together.

Our Temperance meetings, which are held on Tuesday evenings in the Lecture Room, have increased fourfold in a few months. They are now well attended, the addresses are pertinent and forcible, and strangers who occasionally visit us say they are the most interesting they anywhere attend. Mr. Green, the reformed gambler, who is engaged in the suppression of that vice, attended our meeting last December, and made an excellent address, showing the connection between intemperance and gambling, and the fearful consequences of both. It made a deep impression upon the audience, and drew tears from many an eye. The usefulness of these meetings may be inferred from the fact, that within two months not less than 120 signed the pledge of total abstinence, the most of them seamen.

Many call at my residence, both seamen and their wives, some to converse on the subject of religion and some to join the Temperance Society. These interviews are frequently very interesting, and afford the most favorable opportunity for instruction, warning, or encouragement, as the case may require. In November last, C. F. W. and E. B., both seamen, called on me and gave an affecting account of themselves. W. said he was paid off last July from the brig of War Bainbridge with \$300. He commenced drinking, kept intoxicated several weeks, was rob-

bed of \$120, spent the remainder, got into a drunken quarrel, had the sight of his eye irrecoverably destroyed by a blow with a knife, had been confined to the hospital several weeks, and was going to sea in a few days without the means to purchase a comfortable outfit. Having lost one eye and all his money by intemperance, he had firmly resolved never to drink any intoxicating liquor again. He was perfectly sober, and signed the pledge of total abstinence. B. said he had been on shore six weeks, had been intoxicated nearly all that time till within a few days, and that seeing the evils of intemperance in the loss of his money and health, he called on me the previous Monday and signed the pledge. He added that already he felt like another man. We had much interesting conversation, and I have strong confidence in the reformation of these intelligent young men. Many cases equally striking come under notice in my intercourse with seamen.

On a Sabbath in November last, a sailor by the name of W. attended the Church and was deeply affected under the sermon. Nearly forty years ago, when a small boy, he resided in Rensselaer County, and was there a pupil of mine, but, as I left that part of the State soon after, and as he had followed the sea some twenty years, being seldom in this port, he had wholly lost sight of and almost forgotten me. He had heard me preach in the Mariner's Church occasionally before, but did not recognize me. Seeing my name in the public papers, he was led to make inquiry, and became fully satisfied that I was indeed his old teacher. With this conviction he came to Church on the day above mentioned, and then recognized me as the man who so long ago had taught him the principles of Christianity and prayer for his salvation in the school room and at his father's family altar. And now I stood before him preaching the same gospel and recommending the same



Saviour. Events long past and almost forgotten rushed through his mind. He thought of the home of his childhood, of his praying parents now gone to their final rest of his pious brothers and sisters far removed from their native town, of himself, the remnant of what he once was, a homeless wanderer upon the broad ocean, a sinner against his early instructions, and a rebel against God. After a lapse of so many years, a mysterious Providence had brought us together again on the shores of time. I was still his teacher, and pointing him to Christ as his only refuge. The scene was too much for his feelings, he was overcome with emotion, he bowed his head and wept, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The next evening he called on me, and we had a long and interesting conversation. We talked of the past and the future. I gave him the best instructions and advice I could. He seemed to have duly made up his mind to attend to the interests of his soul. The following evening he attended the Temperance meeting, signed the pledge and made some striking observations, including some remarkable incidents of his own life and experience. He said he had squandered away \$7000 in the use of intoxicating liquors, was fully resolved by the help of God, to break off his sinful course, and lead a religious life. He earnestly entreated an interest in our prayers that God would enable him to keep his resolution, and preserve him from the paths of sin. We had several conversations together, and he appeared truly penitent, and determined to serve the Lord. A few days afterwards he started to visit his relatives and friends, who I trust have received him with joy, saying, "This our brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost and is found."

Very respectfully,

HENRY CHASE.

#### Donation "For all hands."

A Sailor came to our office to-day for some Sailor's Magazines. He had recently returned from the Sandwich Islands where he had experienced much kindness at the hands of the Seamen's Chaplains; and particularly during a severe sickness at Lahaina from Rev. Mr. Taylor. He spoke of them with much feeling, and apparent gratitude. While waiting a few moments a letter from another foreign Chaplain arrived and was read in his hearing. As he arose to depart he took out his wallet and handing the Secretary a bank note, said, "I am a little short now, but take that for all hands." He added that he knew where the Savings Bank is and kept a sharp look out that his spare money should be safe there.

#### New Cut.

While the new cut on the cover of this number of the Magazine reflects credit on the artist, it is strikingly *suggestive* of the work in which "all hands" are engaged. There stands the SAILOR'S HOME—a House of refuge and protection to the Sailor. Next door is the Saving's Bank where his surplus earnings are safe, and yield him not only an interest for his money but a growing self-respect. Across the way is the Bethel Church where he may hear words whereby he may be saved, and become wise unto salvation. At the foot of the street is the harbor with a few "sea-coaches," and more going and returning in the distance. The Sailors in the street are all temperance men except one, and he is listening to the urgency of his



shipmate to become so by boarding at the Home. "I say, shipmate, go there, and you, like Sam Smart going aboard that Bank, may have a shot in the locket too."

### Deaths in the Pacific.

Of consumption, on board Samuel Robertson, Mr. Giles Allen, on the 18th of March, belonging to New Bedford.

On board the Samuel Robertson, on the 4th of February, Manuel Francis.

Drowned, November, 1849, Eli J. Robinson, off the River La Platte, belonging to the whaleship Buyard. He belonged to Madison Co. N. Y.

Fell overboard and drowned June, 1850, John Garty, native of Canada, and seamen on board the Tybee, the vessel at the time off Chili.

Died on board Memkar, September 23d, Richard Lester, a boat steerer. He was 32 years of age and left a wife and child to mourn his death, which occurred just as the vessel was leaving the Arctic Ocean. He came from the U. S. in the Awasnack, of Falmouth.

On board ship Milton, Oct. 12, N., L. 35 W 17 5', Mr. Job Winslow, cooper. He was native of New Bedford, and aged 35 years.

On board Wm. Rotch, July, 18 William Dixon, ship keeper, belonging to Baltimore.

In Honolulu, Dec. 1, Mr. Osgood, belonging to Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y. where his father, Mr. Elihu Osgood now lives. He has, a brother in San Francisco.

### Account of Monies.

From February 15th, to March 15th, 1851.

#### Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Martin Green, New York, by A. Lady, (balance)	11 00
William Lyman, Huntington, Lisbon Co., by his grandmother,	20 00
John A. Dayton, Brooklyn, N. Y.	20 00
Miss Charlotte A. Torrey, Albion, N. Y., by Rev. H. Loomis, (previously ackd.)	
Charles B. Hatch, N. Y., by Rev. John Spaulding, (previously ackd.)	
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Brace, by Young Ladies of Pittsfield, Mass.	20 00
Mrs. Cecilia E. Clapp, do.	20 00
Miss Maria T. Gold, do.	20 00
Miss Ann Goodrich, do.	20 00

Miss Ellen D. Catlin, Pittsfield, Mass.,	20 00
Francis L. Hodges, do.	20 00
John C. Hoadley, do.	20 00
Charles Larned	23 14
Henry Somers, Birmingham, Ct.	20 00
Mrs. Henry Whittelsey, Catskill, N. Y., by Henry Whittelsey,	20 00
Mrs. E. T. Whittelsey, do.	20 00
Miss Jane Ann Whittelsey, do.	20 00
Miss Julia Edgeline Whittelsey, do.	20 00
Mrs. John M. Donnelly, do.	20 00
Tho's Wells, by Cong'l Society, Stockbridge, Mass.	26 00
Mrs. George Ferris, by Cong'l Society, Greenwich, Ct., (in addition to five dollars paid December last,	20 00
Mrs. Priscilla Prince, by Ladies in Windsor, Mass.	20 00
Lewis F. Emery, by Apple st. Church, Lowell,	27 60
Luke A. White, New York, by a Friend,	20 00
Mrs. C. B. Teary, Boscawen, N. H.	20 00
Captain Nehemiah Cunningham, Gloucester Harbor, Massachusetts,	20 00

### Donations.

From Charitable Soc'y, Dunstable, Massachusetts,	5 50
Concert of Prayer in Spring st. Church,	3 22
Cong'l society, Candia, N. H.	27 00
Cong'l Soc'y, Salisbury and Amesbury Mills, Mass.	13 00
Friends in Keene, N. H.	4 00
Cong'l Soc'y, East Haven, Ct.,	15 06
First Cong'l Soc'y, Milford, Ct.,	20 00
Second Cong'l Church and Soc'y, Greenwich, Ct.	100 00
Cong'l Soc'y, Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	126 00
A Sailor for "All Hands,"	1 00
St. James's Church, Newtown, N. Y.,	8 40
Miss Abby Oliver, New Providence, New Jersey,	0 37
Rev. D. A. Frame, West Bloomfield, New Jersey	5 00
Cong'l Church Society, North Stonington, Connecticut,	25 14
J. P. Williston, Northampton, Mass.,	47 50
V. Fanning, Norwich, Ct.,	1 00
Ladies of Main Street Church, Norwich, Connecticut,	17 00
A Friend, New York,	2 75
Cong'l Society, Lisbon, Connecticut	4 00
Mrs. Margaret Davis and Daughter, Chesterfield, Massachusetts	2 00
Mrs. Finley, Metuchen, New Jersey	2 00
Presbyterian Church, Pearl Street, New York, including subscriptions	101 19
Rev. Dr. Dimick's Church, Newburyport, Massachusetts,	35 27
Rev. Dr. Withington's Church, Newbury	13 00
First Church and Society, Stoughton, Massachusetts	19 50
Dr. William A. Alcott, West Newton, Massachusetts	1 00
Collection on Board Ship Harmonia, at St. Thomas, W. I.,	9 91
Rev. J. P. Knox, St. Thomas, W. I.	5 00

\$1,092 95

### Sailor's Home, N. Y.

Ladies of Pres. Church, Washingtonville, N. Y., 12 Pair Socks.	
Young Ladies of Mrs. Cook's School, Bloomfield, N. J., 4 Quilts and Sundry Books.	
Ladies' Benevolent Society, Windsor, Mass., 2 Quilts, 2 Comforters, 3 Pair Sheets, 9 Pair Socks, 18 Pillow-cases, 4 Towels, 8 Shirt	
1 Pair Overalls, valued at \$23 60.	